

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

CONJUGAL AND ROMANTIC LOVE

Chapter CXXXI

I read Kitty Malram's letter over again while waiting for Dick to come home and tell me what had been done to suppress the Symone scandal. Three things in it struck me as important pointers toward solving not only Kitty's problems of life, but those of other women.

First, Kitty has demonstrated that a woman's traits are not wholly feminine, but they are just human.

Her vanity was touched by the knowledge that she was holding the center of the stage in her own little circle, that both her friends and her enemies were commenting on her affair with Bill Tenney. She also told herself that she was making big sacrifices for the sake of her love of Tenney, while all the while she was revelling in her love of sensation and luxury. She persuaded herself that this was the one love of her life, the one thing that she could not live without, and had she stayed here she probably would not have found out until it was too late—the truth.

Now being daily near a man that she respects and admires, who is interested in, and who has interested her in, a great uplifting work she realizes that not everything in this world is bound up in what we call romantic love.

Oh, little book, this sounds very different from that rhapsody that I penned the night before my wedding, does it not? And I am a very happy married woman, at that, but—I have found out that there is a difference between conjugal and romantic love.

In just what the difference consists I am not yet quite clear, but I cannot lie to myself and declare there is no difference, and it is only hypocrisy on the part of any married woman who insists that the wonderful passion lasts through all the vicissitudes of married life.

If in marriage the dazzling blue

flame of romantic love gradually grows smaller and finally dies away, then there remains the permanence of that warmth and the steady glow of companionship, habit, mutual interests and respect, making a harmony of feeling.

The passion of romantic love ebbs and flows, but the most beautiful and comforting of all human conceptions, wedded love, is always calm and clear.

I have gotten away from Kitty Malram and her troubles, little book, in the analysis of married life and love, a most interesting subject to all women and most men.

However, it seems to me that Kitty's chances of happiness are much greater with the man she is with now than with Bill Tenney, even if he were free to marry her. There is only one little fly in the ointment, and that is what Kitty asked me in her letter.

Shall she tell her preacher love of her flirtation with Bill Tenney?

The mere fact of her telling or not telling does not mean anything; but how he would take it would mean very much.

Kitty Malram can never be happy with a man who is not broad enough to not only forgive, but understand human frailties as well as human sins.

Kitty is now living on the mountain top and it seems to me from her letter that she has an intuition that this man of hers is a bit narrow where women are concerned. Will she be able to abide by his decisions when she gets back to the hard-clay road of the valley of every-day life?

Anyway, I'll write and ask her.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

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Shiny black hats are very stylish, being trimmed usually with black.